

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes vpon em sir, they shall bee Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappy.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remains heere, which he thinkes is a patten for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a selfe-gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am decei'd by him that in such intelligence hath feldome fail'd.

La. It reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a scar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheek is worne bare.

Laf. A scarce nobly got, Or a noble scarce, is a good liu'rie of honor, So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let vs go see your sonne I pray you, I long to talke With the yong noble souldier.

Clowne. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euery man.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Helen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it: But since you haue made the daies and nights as one, To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres, Be bold you do so grow in my requitall, As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties care, If he would spend his power. God saue you sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue bene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not false From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse, And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The vse of your owne vertues, for the which I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

To giue this poore petition to the King, And ayde me with that store of power you haue To come into his presence.

Gent. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gent. Not indeed,

He hence remou'd last night, and with more haist Then is his vse.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet, Though time seeme so aduers, and meanes vnfit: I do beseech you, whether is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Rossillion*, Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir,

Since you are like to see the King before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand, Which I presume shall render you no blame, But rather make you thanke your paines for it, I will come after you with what good speede Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thanks what e're fallles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go, provide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now sir bene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but fluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Pre thee alow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I spoke but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.

Par.

Par. Pray you sir deliuer me this paper.
Clo. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the vnleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, vse the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knaue. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune bath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues churle long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Iustices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word.

Laf. you begge a single peny more: Come you shall ha't, saue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, giue me your hand: How does your drummer?

Par. Omy good Lord, you were the first that found mee.

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out vpon thee knaue, dost thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

King. We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege, And I beseech your Maiestie to make it Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth, When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force, Ore-bears it, and burnes on.

King. My honour'd Lady, I haue forgien and forgotten all, Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him, And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say, But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord Did to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie, an offence of mighty note; but to himselfe The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the sursey Of richest eyes: whose words all eares tooke captiue, Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,

Humbly call'd Mistris.

King. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither, We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon, The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper then obliuion, we do burie Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach A stranger, no offender; and informe him So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my Liege.

King. What sayes he to your daughter, Haue you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

King. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile In me at once: But to the brightest beames Distracted clouds giue way, to stand thou forth, The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

King. All is whole,

Not one word more of the consumed time, Let's take the instant by the forward top: For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admirably my Liege, at first I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue: Where the impression of mine eye enfixing, Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me, Which warp'd the line, of euery other fauour, Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne, Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous object. Thence it came, That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe, Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd: That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away From the great compt: but loue that comes too late, Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried To the great sencer, turnes a sower offence, Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults, Make triuiall price of serious things we haue, Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue. Oft our displeasures to our selues vnioist, Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust: Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's done, While shamefull hate sleepe out the afternoone. Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for faire *Mandlin*, The maine consents are had, and heere we'll stay To see our widdowers second marriage day: Which better then the first, O deere heauen blese, Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name Must be digested: giue a fauour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That